

William James, Psychologist, as He Is Revealed by His Letters

A Most Entertaining Correspondence

Proof That Even a Great Philosopher Likes His Little Joke

BETWEEN William James, philosopher and psychologist, and Henry James, novelist, brothers and devoted friends, there existed a certain span that generally resolved itself into a more matter of months. At birth fifteen months separated them; at death the months mounted to six years, but with the publication of their personal correspondence the monthly schedule again came into vogue.

Last April Scribners published the letters of Henry James in two volumes. Today, seven months later, come two more volumes from The Atlantic Monthly Press, The Letters of William James, edited by his son, Henry James.

Certainly there is every justification for this shower of James correspondence. The only possible regret one might express is that there are no more James brothers who have become famous and left behind them a trail of interesting letters. Biography and autobiography appear tame when compared to the informal and intimate utterances uncovered in these personal letters.

His Harvard Work

William James has been a leading figure in philosophy and psychology for more than thirty years. He practically founded these departments at Harvard University. His Principles of Psychology, a massive work to which he devoted twelve years of investigation and writing, is still used by most colleges as a textbook, in spite of James's prophecy that his material would become old-fashioned soon after it was published.

The majority of English-speaking students entering the field of psychology know James, or "Jimmy," as the abridged edition is nicknamed, before they are introduced to any other writer. Perhaps he was not the Christopher Columbus of psychology, but his was an extraordinary contribution to a science that had not reached a very advanced stage when it first stimulated his interest.

Aside from the readable qualities of his letters they furnish an opportunity to trace his career from the days when he was floundering about wondering just where he fitted into the universe up through the time when he had achieved such an imposing position of authority and influence in the world of philosophy.

Handicapped by sickness and certain neurotic disabilities in youth, James found his academic studies comically interrupted. Aiming for a medical degree, yet not sure that he should care to follow up that profession, he began the study of chemistry at Harvard. There he met President Charles W. Eliot, who at that time had charge of the laboratory of the Lawrence Scientific School.

His Judgment of Eliot

After the first few days James wrote his family:

"Eliot I have not seen much of; I don't believe he is a very accomplished chemist, but can't tell yet."

President Eliot, however, was more discerning. He writes:

"I first came in contact with William James in the academic year of 1881-82. . . . I received a distinct impression that he possessed unusual mental powers, remarkable spirituality and great personal charm."

Ten years later, after James had taken his degree in medicine, studied in Germany and endured several years of invalidism, President Eliot appointed him an instructor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard.

"The appointment to teach physiology is a perfect godsend to me just now," he wrote his brother, Henry, "an external motive to work, which yet does not strain me—a dealing with men instead of my own mind and a diversion from those introspective studies which had bred a sort of philosophical hypochondria in me of late, and which it will certainly do me good to drop for a year."

A Long Service

Thus began a service in the university which lasted almost continuously until 1907. James passed from teaching physiology to psychology, and later to philosophy, though the two latter subjects were never completely divorced in his thought or in his writing. With definite duties and responsibilities his health improved, and he never suffered any further incapacity until late in life.

Some idea of his enthusiasm for his work at Harvard may be gathered from a letter addressed to Henry James in 1902.

"I have been seething in a fever of politics about the future of our philosophy department. Harvard must lead in psychology, and I, having founded her laboratory, am not the man to carry on the practical work. I have almost succeeded, however, in clinching a bargain whereby Münsterberg, the ablest experimental psychologist in Germany, allowance made for his being only twenty-eight years old—he is, in fact, the Rudyard Kipling of psychology—is to come here. When he does I will scoop out all the other universities as far as that line of work goes."

At the time James was urging the appointment of Hugo Münsterberg the German professor had not been generally recognized. It also was through James's influence that Josiah Royce was brought from California to Harvard. James spoke of him as "the perfect little Socrates for a modern and serious." After Royce came to live in Cambridge a lifelong friendship sprang up between the two philosophers, though it is not recorded that their minds always ran along together.

Experiments in Spiritualism

Outside of the classroom and laboratory James took an active interest in the Society for Psychical Research.

Never a confident supporter of spiritualistic doctrine, he did not deny it absolutely. He served on several committees that branded numerous fraudulent mediums. In connection with this the following account of his experience with a mind-cure doctor is quoted from a letter to Alice James:

"I have been paying ten or eleven visits to a mind-cure doctor, a sterling creature resembling the 'Venus of Medicine,' Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, made solid and veracious looking. I sit down beside her and presently drop asleep, whilst she disentangles the snarls out of my mind. She says she never saw a mind with so many, so agitated, so restless, etc. She said my eyes, mentally speaking, kept revolving like wheels in front of each other and in front of my face, and it was four or five sittings ere she could get them fixed. I am now, unconsciously to myself, much better than when I first went. I thought it might please you to hear an opinion of my mind so similar to your own. Meanwhile, what boots it to be made unconsciously better, yet all the while consciously to lie awake at night, as I still do?"

Through all of his correspondence there runs a vein of humor that will not be denied. In his youth his humor was frequently boisterous. One letter, apparently about some lost golf shoes, is addressed to O. W. Holmes Jr., and John Gray Jr. It runs:

"Gentle—entry thieves—chevaliers d'industrie—well dressed swindlers—confidence men—wolves in sheep's clothing—asses in lion's skin—gentlemanly pickpockets—beware! All the resources of the immensely powerful Corporation of Harvard University have been set in motion, and concealment of your miserable selves or of the almost equally miserable (though not so much) of your entry on Sunday night is as impossible as would be the concealment of the State House. . . . So let me as a friend advise you to send the swag back. No questions will be asked—mum's the word."

A Letter to His Son

The human side of his humor is revealed in a letter to his eight-year-old son:

"Beloved Heinrich," it begins. "Your long letter came yesterday p. m. Much the best you have ever writ, and the address on the envelope so well written that I wondered whose hand it was, and never thought it might be yours. Your tooth also was a precious memorial—I hope you'll get a better one in its place. Send me the other as soon as it is taken out. They ought to go into the Peabody Museum. If any of George Washington's baby teeth had been kept till now they would be put somewhere in a public museum for the world to look at. I will keep this tooth, so that, if you grow up to be a George Washington I may sell it to a museum. When I was eight years old my mother didn't know he was going to be Washington. But he did be it, when the time came."

Although a frequent visitor to Europe, it never became the passion for him that it did for Henry James, who settled down in England and eventually became a British subject. William James took his vacations in Europe, but when it came to work he preferred to get back to America. His last illness in the summer of 1910 nearly overtook him on foreign soil. He reached his summer home at Chocoma, N. H., just a week before he died, August 26, 1910.

His own letters form as great a tribute to his life and work as anything which might be written. As companion volumes to the letters of Henry James, they make an important and interesting addition to American literature.

A Novel of Suspense

SHE WHO WAS HELENA CASS, by Lawrence Sanders (Doran), is the story of a mysterious disappearance that seems to have been suggested by the famous Ruth Cruger case. The events which befell the missing girl after she passed out of the public eye are audaciously enough imagined to make this a highly ingenious story of suspense.

Story of the Militants

JAILED FOR FREEDOM, by Doris Stevens (Boni & Liveright) gives the history of the militant suffragist campaign for the Federal amendment. The material it contains is just enough for a slight pamphlet. Only the enthusiast will rejoice to see its slight substance expanded to the bulk of an impressive volume.

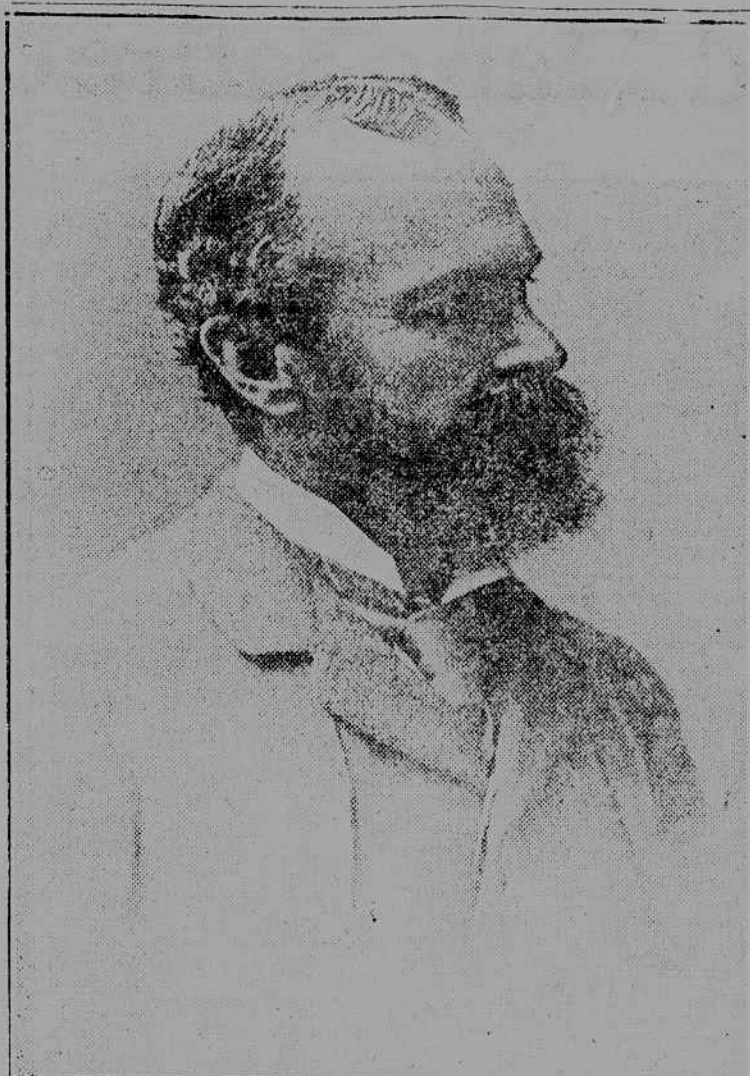
"Vividly high spirited," says the N. Y. Times of

THE COUNSEL OF THE UNGODLY

A highly diverting story of an aristocrat turned butler. \$1.75
This is an Appleton Book

"Some of the pictures of Roman life in the second century B. C. challenge comparison with the best descriptive passages in Quo Vadis? and the Last Days of Pompeii. . . . His picture of the patricians, of the wealthy, is tremendously impressive in its ferocious bitterness. In the Consul Pannius we have a Mephistophelean Polonius," the N. Y. Tribune said of "Calus Gracchus," by Odín Gregory. All bookstores, \$2 net. Boni & Liveright, New York.

Outside of the classroom and laboratory James took an active interest in the Society for Psychical Research.



WILLIAM JAMES, philosopher and psychologist, from a photograph taken about 1898

Bertrand Russell Recants

British Philosopher Repudiates Bolshevism After Visit to Russia

SEVERAL months ago the editors of The Liberator, semi-official organ of Bolshevism in America, triumphantly reprinted a speech by Bertrand Russell, extolling communism from a theoretical standpoint, and hailed him as a philosopher touched with the true vision of a new day.

Shortly afterward Mr. Russell went to Russia with the British labor delegation. And most of the subsequent issues of The Liberator have been devoted to the difficult and ungrateful task of trying to take away the reputation which had been so recklessly bestowed.

At the same time the conservative publications, which formerly denounced Mr. Russell as a radical and a pacifist, showed themselves quite ready to accept and publish most of his conclusions about Soviet Russia. He is unquestionably the star witness of the year against Bolshevism.

Workers Oppressed in Soviet Russia
Bolshevism: Theory and Practice (Harcourt, Brace & Howe), the book in which Mr. Russell has embodied the impressions of his Russian visit, attacks the Soviet régime from two angles. He condemns the Bolshevik philosophy, based on the Marxian materialistic conception of history, as fundamentally narrow and unsound in many details. And he is convinced that as a means of improving the condition of the masses Russian Bolshevism is a dismal failure.

He credits the Soviet leaders with the virtues of a military despot or an industrial magnate, ruthless energy, the will and capacity to work hard and long, courage and skill and tenacity in military and diplomatic relations. But he sets down as a propagandist myth the theory that the workers and peasants of Russia are actually the governors of their own destinies. Power is concentrated in the hands of the Communist party, which possesses approximately 600,000 members. The government of Russia is not a dictatorship of the proletariat, but over the proletariat. Mr. Russell's impression of the practical functioning of this dictatorship is summed up in this vigorous sentence:

"A sweated wage, long hours, industrial conscription, prohibition of strikes, prison for slackers, diminution of the already insufficient rations in factories where the production falls below what the authorities expect, an army of spies ready to report any tendency to political disaffection and to procure imprisonment for its promoters—this is the reality of a system which still professes to govern in the name of the proletariat."

The author is not in sympathy with the Allied policy toward Russia, which he repeatedly stigmatizes as criminal.

Hope for the Future
"Russian communism may fail and go under, but communism itself will not die. And if hope rather than hatred inspires its advocates, it can be brought about without the universal cataclysm preached by Moscow. The war and its sequel have proved the destructiveness of capitalism; let us see to it that the next epoch does not prove the still greater destructiveness of communism, but rather its power to heal the wounds which the old evil system has inflicted upon the human race."

Hope for the Future
"Russian communism may fail and go under, but communism itself will not die. And if hope rather than hatred inspires its advocates, it can be brought about without the universal cataclysm preached by Moscow. The war and its sequel have proved the destructiveness of capitalism; let us see to it that the next epoch does not prove the still greater destructiveness of communism, but rather its power to heal the wounds which the old evil system has inflicted upon the human race."

Hope for the Future
"Russian communism may fail and go under, but communism itself will not die. And if hope rather than hatred inspires its advocates, it can be brought about without the universal cataclysm preached by Moscow. The war and its sequel have proved the destructiveness of capitalism; let us see to it that the next epoch does not prove the still greater destructiveness of communism, but rather its power to heal the wounds which the old evil system has inflicted upon the human race."

PHENOMENA OF MATERIALISATION

By BARON VON SCHRENCK-NOTZING

Illustrated with an unparalleled series of photographs. \$15.00.
A full scientific account of amazing occurrences, observed under the strictest precautions against fraud during a period of four years. These phenomena, as yet unexplained, apparently absolutely confirm W. F. Crawford's deductions as to the existence of a hitherto unexplored form of matter.

This book should be on sale in your bookstore; if not, order direct from E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

The Foundations of Spiritualism

By W. WHATELY SMITH

Author of "The Mechanism of Survival."
A thoroughly sound and suggestive book, by a prominent member of the Psychical Research Society. The Archbishop of Canterbury selected this book to recommend at the Lambeth Conference to the Anglican clergy, advising them to adopt the attitude towards spiritualistic inquiry which is expressed herein.

\$2.00 at all bookstores or direct from E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Avenue, New York

Entire Libraries or Single Volumes. Highest prices paid. Representative will call. Cash paid and books removed promptly. HENRY MALKAN, INC. 42 Broadway

Irv Cobb Cultivates Laughs

A Golden Harvest Is the Hope of the Rotund Humorist

IN a preface, disguised as an introductory chapter to The Abandoned Farmers (Doran), Irv Cobb makes some rather interesting suggestions. He explains that the book, chronologically considered, covers a six-year period in his writing career, measuring—as we understand it—the approximate length of time required by a leading heavyweight humorist to transplant himself and his writings from the city to the farm. It is Mr. Cobb's quaint idea that this affords the reader an opportunity to decide whether with the passage of time his style of writing shows "a tendency toward improvement or an increasing and enhanced faultiness."

We accept his challenge on the spot, blinking one eye in friendly fashion at his line about "being ever ready to welcome criticism, provided only the criticism be favorable in tone." From his earliest chapter we select a single paragraph into which Mr. Cobb compresses all he has to offer on the subject of mulberries.

The Mulellum

"The mulberry, as all know," he writes, "is one of our most abundant small fruits; but many have objected to it on account of its woolly appearance and slightly caterpillaring taste. My idea was to cross the mulberry on the slippery elm—pronounced, where I come from, 'clum'—producing a fruit which I shall call the mulellum. This fruit would combine the health-giving qualities of the mulberry with the agreeable smoothness of the slippery elm; in fact, if my plans worked out, I should have a berry that would go down so slick the consumer could not taste it at all unless he should eat too many of them and suffer from indigestion afterward."

This does well enough. Many a humorist might be stumped to produce more than a line about the mulberry. But now, turning to the last chapter, read Mr. Cobb's sketch of the cow.

"Generally speaking, cows, so far as my personal knowledge went, were divided roughly into regular cows running true to sex, and the other kind of cows, which were invariably referred to with a deep blush by old-fashioned maiden ladies. True enough, we owned cows during the earlier stages of our rural life; in fact, we own one now, a mild-

eyed creature originally christened Buttercup but called by us Sahara because of her prevalent habits. But gentle, bone-dry Sahara is just a plain ordinary cow of undistinguished ancestry. In the preceding generations of her line scandal, after scandal must have occurred; were she a baggage solo instead of a cow scarcely could she have in her more mixed strains than she has."

"We acquired her at a bargain in an auction sale; she is a bargain to any one desiring a cow of settled and steady habits, regular at her meals, always with an unfailing appetite and having a deep, far-reaching voice. There is also an expectation that some future day we may also derive from her milk. However, this contingency rests, as one might say, upon the lap of the gods."

Continuing with the cows, Mr. Cobb relates the experience of calling on a neighbor who was a regular cow fancier.

"He led me out to a glorified pasture lot and presented me to the occupant—a common cow of a prevalent henna tone. Except that she had rather slender legs and a permanent wave between the horns she seemed to my uninitiated eyes much the same as any other cow of the Jersey sultan. I realized, however, that she must be very high-church. My friend, I knew, would harbor no non-conformist cows in his place, and besides, she distinctly had the high-church-

manner, a thing which is indefinable in terms of speech, but unmistakably to be recognized wherever found. Otherwise, though, I could observe nothing about her calculated to excite the casual passer-by. But my friend was all enthusiasm.

No End of Class

"Class!" he repeated. "Class, did you say? Say, listen! That cow has all the class there is. She's less than two years old and she cost me a cool \$1,500 cash—and cheap at the figure, at that."

"Fifteen hundred," I murmured dazedly. "What does she give?"

"Why, she gives milk, of course," he explained. "What else would she be giving?"

"Well," I said, "I should think that at that price she should at least give music lessons. Perhaps she does plain sewing?"

But why rob Mr. Cobb of his royalties by quoting the best passages from his book? The point is we should like to have him go back and do the mulberries over again. We are confident that he could better his initial performance by a dozen paragraphs and at least a laugh a line. Judging by the cows, we feel sure of it.

Thuvia Maid of Mars

By Edgar Rice Burroughs
Author of the "Tarzan" Books.

A world where anything may happen—where hidden forces exist of which we know nothing—where mystery broods in lonely lands—such is the place vividly pictured for us by Edgar Rice Burroughs in this book of thrills.

Carthoris, son of John Carter, is lost in a strange part of the planet where he encounters strange beasts, white apes, and vanishing bowmen, and rescues a princess from a city older than the earth we live on.

All Bookstores

One of the driving forces of the world situation has fallen from power. Now is the time to read the story of his amazing career.

VENIZELOS

Herbert Adams Gibbons

"The only representative of the smaller states at the Peace Conference that the great powers feared," said one observer of the former Greek Premier. In this notable volume Mr. Gibbons illuminates from intimate, first-hand knowledge not only the life story of the most interesting character of the day, but also the whole complex and fascinating field of Near Eastern affairs.

\$3.50 at all Bookstores HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY 16 E. 40 St. New York

The General Staff and Its Problems

By General LUDENDORFF

These books should be on sale in your bookstore; if not, order direct from the German side of the great war that has appeared. It consists of original documents from the records of the German General Staff, reports of secret conferences, and confidential correspondence between the Emperor, the Chancellor, Hindenburg and Ludendorff himself. It gives a complete picture of Germany's internal situation at the most critical period of the war, and incidentally reveals Ludendorff's own far-reaching influence.

In two volumes. \$15.00.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., New York

The Book Mart

Old-New-Rare and Unusual Books

THE ENGLISH BOOKSHOPS
17 East 24th Street
(Corner of 5th and 24th Streets, The Waldorf)
(A few shelves from Fifth Avenue)
NEW YORK CITY
Established 1895
Delightfully different from other bookshops, it has the best of the very latest books, first editions, colored-plate books, sporting books, in fact books to suit every person and every purse; literary and typographical curiosities, rare and precious volumes for collectors, large 12c library editions, books in bindings of Zschernsdorf, Riviere and other renowned binders.
LOVELY PICTURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN
Reading books for boys and girls
THE ENGLISH BOOKSHOPS
Note our two addresses:
323 Fifth Avenue 11 East 24th Street

JOHN R. ANDERSON, 31 WEST 15TH ST.
Frazar's Golden Bough, 12 vols. \$25.00 net
\$4.00; Standard Lectures, 15 vols. \$22.50 net
Note our two addresses:
323 Fifth Avenue 11 East 24th Street

ALDUS BOOK CO. BOOKS BOUGHT
and sold. First editions, rare and curious books. Choice of the best. "A shop you will like to visit."
Lexington Ave., N. Y. City.

C. E. STECHERT & CO. 151 W. 25th St.
Agents for Universities, Colleges, Public Libraries. Stock of over 200,000 volumes, periodicals and books, new, second-hand, foreign, domestic. Libraries bought.

BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS—EARLY
Printed books. First editions. Standard Authors, etc. Catalogue free. R. Atkinson, 185 Peckham, Ene. London, Eng.

OXFORD BOOK SHOP—Mostly good books, first editions, books by Walt Whitman, 12 Lexington Ave.—Sign of the Sparrow.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is telling its million readers that

The Book of Susan

By LEE WILSON DODD

"Is much above the average novel, and the author's insight into feminine psychology quite remarkable. Moreover, it has the great quality of interest, and those who read it will welcome the author's name upon another title page."

—From an extended review in The Literary Digest, Nov. 6.
\$2.00 at any bookstore, or direct from

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Odin Gregory has done the Undreamed Of, Unheard For Thing, here the "impossible" has been done, and done wondrous well!—what Richard Le Gallienne says of "Calus Gracchus," by Odín Gregory. All bookstores Boni & Liveright, Publishers, New York. \$2 net.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK SHOP
5 WEST 47th ST.
Unique selection of Children's Books for Xmas Gifts.

BOOKS BOUGHT
Entire Libraries or Single Volumes. Highest prices paid. Representative will call. Cash paid and books removed promptly. HENRY MALKAN, INC. 42 Broadway